THE GLEANER

Much will always wanting be
To him who much desires. Thrice happy he
To whom the wise indulgence of heaven
With sparing hand, but just enough has given.

HARVEST ISSUE

1 9 3 5

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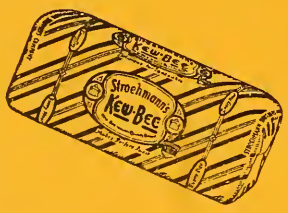

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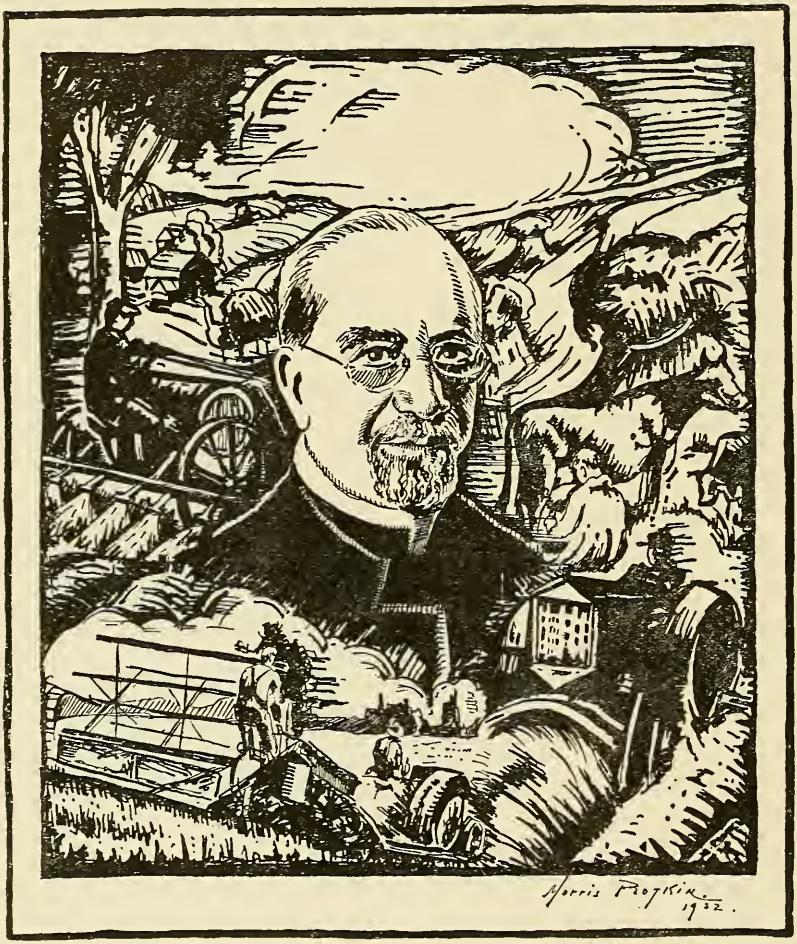

Morris Blogkin
1922.

THE HARVEST

TRACTORS going full speed, running threshers, men cutting corn, hauling oats, cutting silage, harvesting fruits and vegetables—food for earth's inhabitants. Men toiling in dusty mows, gathering the earth's bounty under the hot sun. The season of hard labor, but labor enjoyed. Labor — whereby man gathers the fruits of His creation and sees the goodness of the Lord.

All the sweat and hard work repayed by nature with golden crops and colorful settings more enjoyable to the man who helps create them and sees them materializing under his hand. A season of joy and thanksgiving for the farmer who feels repayed with the thoughts of the good he has done in working hand in hand with the Lord in His creations.

THEY WONDER WHY I TURNED TO FARMING

IT IS a continuous source of wonder to many of my friends and relatives that I, a born and raised city-dweller, should turn to the soil. To these people it is incomprehensible and ridiculous. To me, however, it is all clear and simple. I cannot see a life in the city as one to be enjoyed.

Men wake up in darkened rooms. Darkened by blinds which keep the health-giving rays of sunshine out of their homes. Hurried breakfasts — hurried to catch the train downtown to get to their offices on time. Working in musty, ill-ventilated offices, doing endless routine work — work which requires no thought. Men slaving away in dirty factories. Taking orders and carrying them out, obeying men who are no better than they. Men who have power because of their wealth, power acquired by fair means or foul.

The final whistle. The day's work is over. Men scurry out of their holes in the mountainous brick piles and run for the trains. Pushing their way aboard crowded cars to hurry to their quarters in the cliff-like dwellings, so that they may carry out their duty of entertaining themselves. Rush through their meals — hurry to get dressed in order that they should not miss the show or any part of it. Pay premium prices for the privilege of sitting in an artificially ventilated theatre. Show over — hurry to the cabaret — drinks — sandwiches — dancing — all under an artificial sky painted on the ceiling of the place. At last their duty is done — they have kept up with the Jones's. They have dutifully entertained themselves, and now they may go home to sleep. Home — just four holes in a cavernous building, rented by the month and in close proximity to 300 other tenants. Privacy? Not in the city!

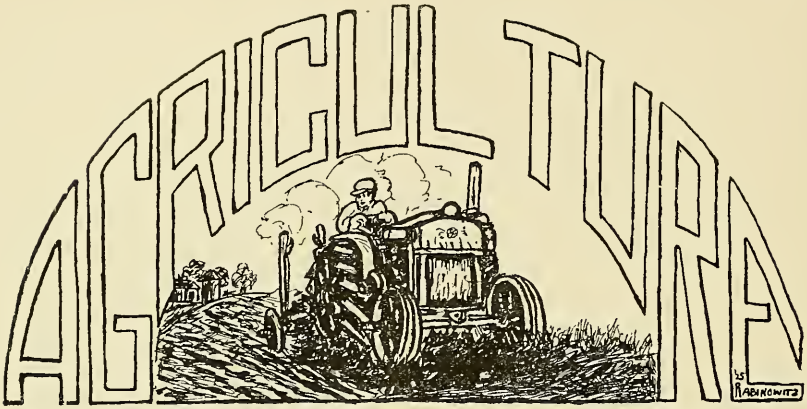
They woo the Goddess of Sleep, but in vain. How can one sleep when revelers ride the streets tooting on their claxon horns? Drunks stand under the lamp post near your house and croon "Sweet Adeline" to your aching ears. Your next door neighbor's tripping upstairs, arguing on every step about the last no trump, and the signal which he overlooked. The garbage men banging cans with a vengeance, and the milkman whistling to keep awake. Telephones ringing and jangling all over, and even in your very room. All added together and mixed in the melting pot which is the city.

Rush — confusion — artificial and unhealthy conditions — the city! Bah! Yet they wonder why I turned to farming!

Solitude

Let me alone in the solitude with nature and with God;
In that land where no mortal feet have trod
Along the winding Conenango Creek
Where its silent waters are six feet deep.
Along its banks where birches grow.
Under whose branches the cool winds blow
Alone in the solitude where wild beasts lurk,
And the nearby swamps where the crickets chirp;
Where I hear the piping of myriads of frogs.
As they sing in concert in the murky bogs
Away from the haunts of sinful man
And things I despise of that wicked band;
On the banks of this winding muddy creek
Where its waters flow silently, half asleep,
I'll rise every morning with the golden sun
And do my best in the day begun.
Here I'll sweat with honest toil
Tilling the rich muck of virgin soil
I'll sleep 'neath the willows in calm repose
Without fear of trouble or pang of woes.
There the moon and stars shining on my face
Will scatter the darkness encircling the place.
When I am aged and my hair turns gray
I'll still bear in mind why I long to stay—
I found joy and peacefulness
In God's solitudnal wilderness.

—Joe Ebersole, '33.



Thoughts While Strolling Around the Farms

A BEAUTIFUL day — the sun shining — cool breezes — the harvest scent in the air. So over I went to the new poultry house — tenement housing for chickens. Played around with the new grading device they are now using and learned some interesting facts by and by. Egg prices are great and our egg layers are producing at the rate of 1,000 eggs a day — the department is going in for winter broilers and the incubators will be running soon — pullets are in the laying house already and are doing fine — the range has been discontinued and so no more fried chicken? (Nights.) The day was too nice to spend much of it indoors so over I went to No. 3.

Tasted some of Mrs. Thompson's wonderful pies and sampled Mrs. Feisser's incomparable grapejuice. Walked into the pasture and surveyed a pastoral scene beyond comparison. A beautiful heifer by name Sycamore Etta, recently purchased by the Dean, grazing contentedly near an old, gnarled walnut tree — not far off a flock of our sheep, browsing around, and their lambs gamboling hither and yon. Duke and Dolly, the riding horses, whinnied their way up to the fence and sniffed me and with loud neighs scampered off like young colts. Peace and contentment seemed to reign over the farm, so over to the back of the barn to see the goats.

Told that the goats couldn't be kept in by a fence, and seeing is believing —they certainly are cute little creatures and when they stretch their necks up to get an apple from one of the trees one can hardly resist talking baby talk to them. The day grew on, however, and the sun reached higher in the heavens so over to No. 5

Walked up the lane that goes through the vineyard and couldn't resist the temptation of sampling a few

of the luscious fruits of Bacchus — lingered awhile longer and munched my way through a few varieties of apples from Smokehouse to Grimes Golden — couldn't swear to their ripeness, but gorged all the same.

Progressed by bites till I reached the Apiary where I tarried to see Mr. Schmeider — but to no avail as honey was not available — however, Mr. Schmeider has improved the old historic place greatly by his gardens and well-placed shrubbery, and a lane of tulip poplar trees, acres of potatoes stretching in front of the place — potatoes to be made into untold varieties of edibles — when I thought of the platters of French fries in the field my mouth watered —. Finally reached No. 5 and ran smack into Mr. Kraft — a man who lingers in the memories of all the old grads and those of us who will soon join them. Went through the stable with the accompaniment of much neighing and clatter of hoofs — seeing the stalwart horses brought my mind back to the books and stories I had read concerning the doings of horseflesh — I paused to reflect on whether some day horses would be done away with entirely — the thought made me pity future generations denied the privilege of the companionship of horses — their intelligent faces and stalwart bodies so long the backbone of agriculture — but the world moves on and so went to questioning Mr. Kraft as to the harvest.

Wheat — acres planted with a yield of bushels. Plenty of hay was grown with some of it still to be harvested although the silo is now being filled— with talk of corn my mind immediately reverted to pictures of corn husking — racing up and down the field — looking for perfect red ears — husking bees — is there any field to be compared with agriculture in its diversification — Well, it's nigh on noon and I did want to see the heifers over at No. 4.

As long as long would have it I got a ride with the Dean — Gained a few facts on the experiments in fertilizers the Dean is conducting — with the promise that he would give me a write-up on it in the near future — Dropped off at No. 4 and in to all the maidens — Running entirely on pasture they are indeed a hardy bunch — Sleek-looking animals — in these lovely creatures lies the future of the dairy herd but methinks we need have no fear, roused from my fence sitting by the distant sound of the school bell and realized that there was something missing inside the belt — So off to the dining hall—.

On the way met Mr. Fox who spilled the beans on the Horticulture Department. It seems that this year we are to have the largest crop of apples ever harvested at Farm School—Good news for all of us — Everything harvested in the Hort. Department this year was either sent to the kitchen or to the Roadside Market — And was promised that all the melons grown would be sent to the kitchen — So made a mental note to check on that.

After dinner a good rest— a smoke and then down to the nursery where Mr. Feisser is growing future forests. The Landscape Department has this month finished building a home-made greenhouse for themselves—then—to the pride of the school—.

The Dairy—a spot of beauty with its white and red-lined buildings in orderly fashion surrounded by green lawns, well kept under the supervision of herdsman par excellence

Mr. Cook, all nestling in a little valley below the road—took a good look at the Champion Esther, the school's and especially the Dean's pride and joy—then into the barn and milked some cows—took a good swig of the life-giving fluid and then up to the office to talk to Mr. Thompson....

Gleaned that by March we would have 102 milking cows and by the end of the month we will have 21 milking Ayreshires—figures compiled by Mr. Cook and Mr. Roberts....

A full day spent going around our own school....swell!! Try it.

A Garden

Looking over a vast stretch of ground.
Our eyes see green and stones around.
But to us it will cause no dismay,
As we are out to dig it today.

With spades as weapons, out we go
To sever the soil from roots below;
And give its lining a chance to sun,
As the earth on top had its share of fun.

There is below a world all its own,
Just see how these big fellows can roam;
Even last year's vegetables are out,
But there is no more life for them to sprout.

The days grow warm, but progress is seen
As all around everything looks clean.
It is for us to bow our heads in shame,
Because over Thee we have no claim.

I can vision now your interest,
Reverent soil, you will produce the best.
While we, with our love, will show our care,
In order that you may grow both good and fair.

—N. Harris, '37.

Things I never knew 'till now, that . . . . .

.....If the nutrients in a quart of milk were bought separately their total cost would be approximately forty-four dollars.

.....There is more lime dissolved in a glass of milk than can be dissolved in an equal amount of water.

.....A known fact but hard to believe is that a small Leghorn hen in the course of a year will lay as high as ten times its own weight in eggs.

.....They're still using Old Joe.

.....The Greeks had a word for it. (Ged de poind?)

.....Over in India and thereabouts, if you would make the statement that the cow is the foster mother of the world you would be greeted with one or a dozen assorted varieties of the Bronx cheer. In that part of the world almost all of the milk comes from the buffalo.

.....Think of it! Ten pounds of seed will develop into 14,000 pounds of corn plants.

.....The best way to make money during the depression is to sell something the people need. One thing needed is a good nerve restorer. Some enterprising farmers ought to try producing donkey milk. On the other side of the Rio Grande, so it is claimed, donkey milk is very popular as a nerve restorer.

.....Five hundred pounds of a complete fertilizer broadcast over an acre of corn ground increased the yield over unfertilized ground 8.5 bushel. When 125 pounds of this same fertilizer was drilled in the row, the increase was 16.1 bushel.

.....A strain of sheep without tails is being developed at the University of North Dakota. The purpose is to facilitate breeding and to prevent various diseases such as sheep ticks and other parasites, which take a large yearly toll from sheep farms.

.....There isn't a fence that can keep the goats within bounds.

.....Bees are the most highly civilized beings in the world. (*e.g.*:—Mr. Schmeider)

.....A bag of raw peanuts, a pound of honey, a glass of water, and a shady tree are equivalent to dinner at eight (*viz*: same source).

.....Due to modern refrigeration and handling process, eggs can be brought from the West Coast and sold on Eastern markets cheaper than the home product.

.....In 1929, 8,568,000 pounds of limburger cheese was produced in the United States.

.....Figures show that in 1930 the United States contained 13,364,000 horses, having the second largest equine population in the world, being exceeded only by Russia with 31,158,000 of the neigh, neigh animals.

.....In December of 1919 eggs on the New York market averaged 79c a dozen. (Wow!)

.....Manure is worth approximately $10 a ton, wholesale (hear! hear!).

.....I'm the W. W. of agriculture.

.....If I had a girl Friday, she'd have written this column.

KILLING BACTERIA BY A SQUEAK

MILK and similar liquids may some day be sterilized by subjection to a "terrific squeak", instead of by heat treatment. This possibility is visioned as a result of experiments by Doctor Leslie A. Chambers and Professor Newton Gaines of Texas Christian University. The apparatus which they have constructed and used in their laboratories averaged a kill of 80% of all bacteria present in various samples of milk and in a few samples it produced complete sterilization.

The new apparatus was evolved from the earlier form used by Professor Gaines and Professor O. B. William of the University of Texas last year. Basically, it involves the same device: a nickel tube caused to vibrate intensely and at a high rate by being placed in a rapidly alternating magnetic field controlled by mechanism similar to that used in radio broadcasting. This causes the tube to sing with an exceedingly high pitched sound. Partially immersed in water or other liquid its intense sound waves are very destructive to bacteria and other small organisms.

In the apparatus used last year, the experimenters killed bacteria in a flask. This year's endeavor was to develop a means of sterilizing or partially sterilizing liquids as they flowed past or around the tube making the process continous instead of intermittent. This was accomplished by insecting the upper-half of the nickel tube into a larger tube or glass making the joint by means of a water-tight rubber collar. The lower end of the tube was given the magnetic impulses, and the upper end drove its high frequency sound waves into the milk as it flowed through the space between the two tubes, and especially as it flowed through a narrow, funnel-shaped outlet.

The laboratory model was of sufficient size to allow continous treatment of milk at the rate of 100 quarts an hour, but the nature of the apparatus is such that the capacity may be extended almost without limit, the experimenters state.

With the co-operation of a commercial milk concern, the apparatus was tested on a large number of Grade A milk samples with initial bacteria count varying from 8,000 to 30,000 per cubic centimeter. A few samples of pasteurized milk showing 3,000 to 5,000 counts were also tested, with results indicating that the vibration treatment destroyed germs not affected by pasteurization temperatures.

Other liquids that may eventually be treated by the new method will include certain dietary products and delicate serum for use in medicine —in general products that require a radical reduction in germ content, if possible, without heating.

BIGGER AND BETTER BEES

At his laboratory near Vincennes, Indiana, Jay Smith has developed bees that won't sting, that produce more honey and build larger combs — insects that promise to add millions to the agricultural income of the country.

Thirty years ago he started an apiary as a hobby, with one hive. Today he is the foremost producer and exporter of quality queen bees in the United States. In addition, Smith is carrying on microscopic experiments—fertilizing queen bees artificially—which promises to revolutionize an industry as old as civilization. Scientists at the University of California, reporting on swarms of bees from 19 breeders, found that Smith's bees produced 60 pounds more honey than the average of other swarms, that his queens had ten additional egg tubes, and that a pound of his bees contained an average of 203 fewer bees.

"Larger bees," Smith explained, "can carry heavier loads and travel greater distances. Ordinary bees work up the distances of 8½ miles. I see no reason why we can't breed bees to go twice as far, and if we can produce honey-bees as large as bumblebees, they can work those flowers which have nectaries beyond the reach of present insects, and thus tap a new source of honey."

HUMAN INTEREST

We have always had a great respect for animal lovers, and a horse fancier exacts our admiration. One of the most ardent horse fans on the campus is our friend Mr. Kraft, who in this day of tractors and Fords has still managed to maintain his deep respect for the equine beasts. We have always been conscious of his sentiments in the matter, but not till recently did we have actual proof as to how strong they were. George, his favorite and pet at Farm No. 5, recently stepped on a nail, with the result that an infection set in, and disabled the poor creature for a number of days. Old George couldn't have asked for more attention than he received, for besides the usual lotions and liniments required for such cases, he also had an excellent poultice put on his foot three times a day. Mr. Kraft was no end perturbed over the state of affairs, though, and worried constantly. No better illustration could have been made when, once asked by an old acquaintance how things fared with him, he answered, "Not so good. George has a lame foot and my wife has a boil on her neck." Greater love hath no man.

FLOWER STORIES

In the middle ages violets were a regular item on the menu. They were chopped with onions and lettuce for salad, or cooked with fennel and savoin for broth. Stewed roses and primroses were the sort of choice dessert a hostess would boast about.

The Arabs put into Mohammed lips the saying, "If a man finds himself with bread in both hands, he should exchange one loaf for some flowers of the narcissus, since the loaf of bread feeds the body indeed, but the flowers feed the soul."

Prince Potemkin, favorite of Catherin II, of Russia, and famous for his gardens, never traveled without a garden and a retinue of gardeners. When his entourage halted for the night the gardeners would set up the boxed trees and shrubs around the Prince's tent, lay out paths, and generally landscape the spot. The next morning, when camp was broke, back onto the wagons went the garden, to be hauled to the next stopping place.

Cleopatra, it is said, covered her banquet floor 18 inches deep with rose petals and had her mattress stuffed with them. Nero gave many a banquet at which the floor was ankle-deep in flowers and his guests were showered with petals, and sprayed with mists of perfume from the ceiling.

There is a charming story concerning Oscar Wilde and a bouquet of roses. Poverty-striken, homeless and hungry, the ill-clad man entered one of the finest restaurants in London. The head waiter hesitated at first as to the advisability of ejecting the sorry-looking figure, for the author was proud and spirited, a quality rare in a beggar. He decided to chance it, and showed Wilde to one of the tables. No whit daunted, Wilde imperiously ordered a large bouquet of roses, "In a hurry!!" the obsequious waiter to bring him

The waiter was dumbfounded, but nevertheless left and soon returned with a beautiful bouquet of the flowers. Whereupon Wilde rose to his feet, inhaled deeply, and exclaimed, "Now I have dined." And slowly head erect, he strode out.

ABOUT OUR ANTS

Bees and Ants have developed habits of home life almost beyond the belief of those who have not studied them. Ants, for example, have constructed extensive homes underground or in trees, with rooms for different uses, and with different rooms for different uses, and with different ants assigned to the care of the different parts of the home. Ant families have their queen ant, whose duty is to lay eggs to provide future members of the colony; nurse ants which care for the eggs and young ants; soldier ants, which guard the entrances and go out and fight enemies; workers, which go hunting for food and bring it for the common uses of all. In some ant communities, substances almost like honey, is fed to certain ants which hang from the roof of small rooms within the home. A store-house ant swallows honey till its body is

stretched into a round bag with a head and legs at one end. When the other ants need food they come for it and cause the store-house ants to give up part of the food. Some ants even plant fungus spores upon ant leaves of plants, and in darkened rooms within the earth thus grow their own mold or mushroom field. These are but a few of the things one may learn by a study of ants.

A PROBLEM IN NATURAL ARITHMETIC

A pair of house-wrens may produce two nests of young each year and may have as many as eight in each nest. If one pair of wrens had begun nesting the summer before you started school and had had eight young in each nest, if the young had begun nesting in their second year, if their off-spring had been equally paired males and females, and if the first pair and all their off-springs had lived until now, how many wrens would there be in the family at the present time?

Turn of the Year

Now the rich earth in one bright jubilee
Goes back to thee,
Thou Prodigality?

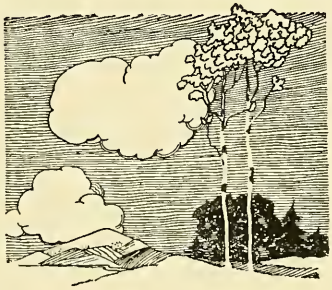
Honey matures in the abandoned shoot;
The sterile root
Conceives a lavish fruit.

Cold earth comes and kills; and yet warm earth compels
Its miracles
Death must go somewhere else.

One milkweed has its millions to exhaust.
Nothing is lost,
Except the fear of frost.

Here is hereafter; here omnipotence
Begins and ends
Where all is affluence.

—Louis Untermeyer.



SPORTS

AUTUMN in the air—crisp, cool weather and the sound of toes thudding into inflated pigskins. Football is in the air. The Bulldogs are rapidly being whipped into shape by Coach Samuels. Enthusiasm is high and signals are called with zest, while the line charges with even

more than the old time spirt, if that is possible. All are anxiously looking forward to the first game on October 5th. To quote the fellows, "The team is great and the students full of pep, backing them up". "Fighting hearts we can't be beat."

THE LINE UP

Left End—Frankel, J.
Left Tackle—Bruskin, I.
Left Guard—Shectman, L.
Center—Haas, H.
Right Guard—Breverman, D.
Right Tackle—Cohen, J.
Right End—Happ.
Quarterback—Mazer, L.
Halfback—Rintz, E.
Halfback—Goode, R.
Fullback—Katz, H.

Substitute linemen: Rothstein, Jacobson, Goldberg, Brambly, Schwartz, Altman, Rubin.

Substitute Backs: Waldman, Pearstein.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE 1935

Oct. 5—East Stroudsburg Freshmen.
Oct. 12—Fork Union Military Academy, of Virginia.
Oct. 19—Ursinus College Freshmen.
Oct. 26—Susquehanna College, Junior Varsity.
Nov. 2—Atlantic City Vocational High School.
*Nov. 9—Stockbridge College.
Nov. 16—Mackenzie Prep School, of Scarsdale, New York.
Nov. 29—(Thanksgiving Day) Williamson Trade School.

*At Amherst, Massachusetts. All other games at home.

Captain—Irving Bruskin.
Manager—Klementisz.
Coach—S. B. Samuels.

TRESSMAKING

Or in other words, working in a barber shop. Have you ever considered the man behind the plow (shears)? What are the thoughts of this cutter-upper, this man who holds the fate of your appearance for a month, in the scissors in his hand?

With the intention of obtaining this information first hand, your reporter fought his way into the sanitarium of the school tressmaker—none other than Count K., of Kelifony. My dear readers, here indeed is a man well versed in his art, and intrepid enough to trim the tresses at Farm School—daring the wrath of the romeos who literally place their heads in his hands.

I decided that the best way to present this interview would be to give my questions the Kount's answers. Forthwith—

Q. How did you ever come to take up tressmaking as your profession, Ben?

A. Vell, ven I was in Keliforny —

Q. Skip it, Ben—I'll ask you another. What type of head would you prefer to cut?

A. Poisonally I would prefer to cut Hitler's head.

Q. What part of your job do you like best?

A. I like de part vere I get paid de quarters.

Q. What kind of haircut do you enjoy giving most?

A. A baldy.

Q. Have you any complaints about your clientele here at school?

A. Vell, I don't mind cutting de boys' hair — but — ven it comes to cutting cow hair, straw, corn silt, and schmeiderphites, it boins me hopp.

Q. As a parting favor, could you advise me as to the knowledge most essential to a young man who intends to enter the profession?

A. De foist ting is stay avay from de ears. An' de second ting de less hair you cut de sooner he gets anodder haircut. And most important of all — collect before you give him de woiks.

REPARTEE

A CHICAGO matron was recently seated next to a Mrs. Cabot at a Boston tea party. During the crisp exchange of conversation, Mrs. Cabot advances the information that, "In Boston we place all our emphasis on breeding," to which the Chicago matron responded. "In Chicago, we think it's a lot of fun, but we do manage to foster a great many outside interests."

WERE I TO CLIMB TO-NIGHT

Were I to climb tonight up to
your window
And sing my melody of love—so
sweet
And ope' the very floodgates of
my passion
And cast myself abjectly at your
feet;
Were I to climb unto your very
casement
Quite old propriety's stern wiles
to flout
And pour forth all my love in
quick hot whispers,
What matter it—you'd probably
be out.

—Owen Jan Shulman.

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She lay in his arms and snuggled her head against his neck. A rush of emotion surged through her—tenderly he caressed her and she closed her eyes in delight.

Poor kitty. Did I step on your tail?

APOLOGIES TO GERTRUDE STEIN

Outside a blizzard is raging—
I dunno what she's sore at.
The blizzard is cold and wet.
She is a lady wearing a dress with
pink collar and cuffs.
The blizzard is a vacant lot of used
tin cans.
The blizzard is angry because I'm
eating
A cream puff with chocolate icing.
There are four steps on my porch.
The moon is pale,
But outside the blizzard is breathing
hard.
A storm is a storm is a storm is a
storm.
And a blizzard is a tempest minus
An earthquake multiplied by nega-
tive three.
The storm has a fit on has a fit on
Outside it snows and rains,
Inside is warmth and I'm sucking
a lollypop.
Let it rain, snow, I'm reading
A book, a book, a book a book.
Outside a blizzard is raging
And I'm all wet...

—David Oschrin, '38.

PHILLY OR HILL BILLY???

Being an alien to Philadelphia, I've often been asked what I think of the city of Brotherly Love. Without giving or meaning any offense to anyone, and with the fond hopes that it shall amuse you, I shall endeavor to give you my opinion of the peaceful city.

My first statement, in which I open my mouth and put my foot in it, is the one I heard in a song by the Fred Waring outfit, "Go to Philadelphia and see yourself asleep". In my opinion, as far as it goes, this statement is true. Philly is a village of enormous size, aping the wide awake metroplise's of the world. At the same time to live in it, can be both wonderful or terrible, but in either case you are stranded. Trying to find your way around in that town is like looking for the proverbial needle in the haystack. To give a good illustration, I shall relate the following incident:

One Saturday night, accompanied by two of my class-mates, I went on a date to Philly. We rode in on our thumbs and were dropped off at Roosevelt Boulevard and Broad Street. We were bound for Wingohocking Street and neither my native born Philadelphian friends or myself knew its whereabouts, except that it was located in Logan. Therefore, we decided to ask the first cop we met as to its exact location. However, after a long and fruitless search for one, we decided rather than walk all the way down to the Market Street precinct we would ask some of the people around there. Spotting a man standing near a drug store not far from Roosevelt and Broad, I walked over to him and asked where I could find Wingohocking Street. Whereupon I was given the bright answer that for all he cared I could find it anyplace but not in Logan, and that he's lived in that part of town for three years and never been asked such a foolish question.

Well to make a long story short, my friend and I repeated that question to five or six more natives with the same negative results. At last, with a great deal of disgust, we decided to walk across Roosevelt Boulevard and try our luck there. So off we dashed across the Boulevard and lo and behold, less than one square away from where we had asked a half a dozen natives as to its location, there stood Wingohocking Street, that quaint and dear old lane.

My friends tried to convince me that it was all a mistake and just a big city joke, but to no avail. Even though I've always had a nice time in Philly, you can not convince me that it is more than a big parish, village, berg, or a town.

G'wan to Philadelphia and see yourself asleep.

VARSITY CLUB

The "F" Club is looking forward with anticipation and impatience, to the forthcoming initiation of new members. Although meetings have not been held as regularly as possible, we have had the pleasure of having Dean Goodling, Coach Samuels, Prof. Schmieder, Prof. Toor, and Asst. Coach Stonitch, among others, as our guest speakers.

With the beginning of cold weather the Varsity Club will warm up and go forward on all cylinders.

We are planning an open meeting to which the entire student body will be invited. Some well known speakers will be present and talk on various interesting subjects.

ALUMNI

We aren't aware of just what the actual statistics are concerning the prosperity among farmers this year, but something occurred recently which gave us a very good idea of what it must be. Incidentally, it confirmed certain suspicions about a certain alumnus which we had harbored for some time, but had never proved conclusively. We availed ourselves of the opportunity of visiting him, a recent graduate, at his farm near Quakertown, and after a very gracious welcome, were shown about the farm.

He later invited us into his home to show us how well it had been furnished, and it was then that we found out the truth. Opening one of the many lockers to show us its spaciousness, we perceived a tux, a dress suit, and a dinner jacket nestling along side of each other. A bit daunted, we said nothing, casting sidelong glances at each other. We soon left on the strength of a poor excuse, and when we got back to school, realized that the day was ruined. We shall say no more.

ALUMNI CHATTER

A new chapter has been organized and duly accepted as a member of the National Alumni Association. This chapter consists of all Alumni engaged in agriculture within a radius of 75 miles of the school. The main purpose of this chapter is to bring the rural member of the Alumni into closer contact with the school. A number of successful meetings have been held with large turnouts at each. Older chapters had better watch out for their laurels as active alumni for the new chapter bids fair to out-do them all.

Bruce Mayne, '02, is now employed as an Entomologist in India, working for the United State Government.

The Director of Agricultural Education at Eastern State Penitentiary is Ira J. Mills a graduate of the 1920 and a former star football player.

The ex-editor of the *Gleaner* of the Class of 1935, H. J. Coven is now employed in fitting up T. A. Lafore's herd for a Disperal Sale. Working with him is H. McAllister of the same class.

Myers, '34, was at the school for a week working down the dairy before he left for a job at Gwenlynn Farms.

Rosner Triol, '35, has recently joined the married men's circle of our Alumni. He is managing a farm at Line Lexington, and doing well. Here's hoping he keeps it up.

"Sandy" Sacks and "Rabbit" Robertson are frosh at University of Pennsylvania veterinary school. Both are remembered for their feats on the gridiron with the Bulldogs of '35.

Alumni Attention!!!

The Senior Class has officially announced its intention of dedicating the Year Book to the Alumni Association in recognition of their unselfish work in behalf of the student body.

FARM SCHOOL AT THE FAIR

At the recent Doylestown Fair, Farm School was well represented in many departments. Our share did much to make the fair the success it was.

The dairy sent up an exhibition herd of Jerseys which excited the admiration of the many breeders and visitors in the cattle building. The herd was under the control of Mr. Cook who supervised the Seniors in their preparation and work. The herd took practically a complete sweep of prizes in the various Jersey classes they were entered in.

In the farm products building, one of the most conspicuous displays was that of Farm School. A booth beautifully decorated by the Landscape Department was given over to an exhibition of students' work. There were tools, farm equipment and woodwork brought by our boys. Mr. Schmeider's Botany classes made up a collection of weeds and mounted each on separate cardboard. A collection of weed seeds and various twig charts completed the botany exhibit. In the same booth Poultry put on an egg exhibit with the Farm School poultry ration and the proportionate materials contained therein.

At all times during Fair week a good portion of the crowd could be seen in front of the Farm School exhibits, which is indicative of the quality of our displays.

Block—I've got a postal card for you.

Saxe—Who's it from?

Block—How should I know? I don't read other people's mail.

Saxe—Maybe not, but only fools write on postal cards.

Block—That's a nice way to talk about your uncle.

Clip Sheets

FEW BIRDS MISBEHAVE

During a half century as the wildlife service of the government, the Biological Survey has found it desirable to publish instructions for control of only a small list of birds. These include hawks and owls, crows, magpies, pinyon jays, starlings, and English sparrows. The whole list of birds involved in control operations anywhere in the United States is scarcely as long again, says W. L. McAtee, technical adviser of the Bureau.

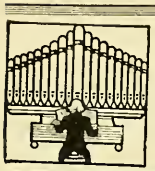
RABBIT HAIR 1,500 YEARS OLD

Hairs from clothing worn by people inhabiting the Southwest more than 15 centuries ago were recently identified as those of rabbits. The hairs, for the most part in a good state of preservation, were obtained from a "Basket Maker II" burial cave in northeastern Arizona by the 1934 Rainbow Bridge - Monument Valley Expedition. The biologists report that they differ little from those of the present day cottontail.

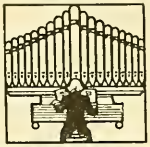
EROSION ON SMALL SLOPES

Because their cultivated lands are fairly level, many farmers think they are not losing fertile topsoil by sheet erosion during heavy rains and do not need to protect them by terraces or other methods. But much of the land is losing soil. Measurements by engineers of the United States Department of Agriculture at a soil erosion experiment station near Ardmore, Okla., where land is fairly level, show considerable losses on unterraced and otherwise unprotected areas.

A rain in 1932 at Ardmore of 6.1 inches caused a loss of approximately 11 tons of soil an acre from an unterraced land slope of 1.9 percent. Comparison of this loss with that of 14.5 tons an acre caused by a 3-inch rain on a slope of 5.1 percent at the Guthrie, Okla., farm illustrates the seriousness of erosion on land slopes as small as 2 percent.



SCHOOL NOTES



CLASS NEWS

What a banquet! The Freshman class outdid themselves in presenting the football team of '35 with the most inspiring send-off ever witnessed. Cheers, speeches, good wishes, high hopes, lusty singing, and the Otomaine Charley's best blue plate meal combined with "the spirit that can't be beat" were featured throughout the evening. The Class of '38 appears to show the Farm School spirit in all its glory and is well on its way to a successful three years.

Soft lights....sweet music....rippling waters....a Japanese garden... lovely girls....Farm School students outdancing themselves....an atmosphere unsurpassed, created by the dell-like ballroom, all mingled together to put across one of the most successful Junior Proms in the history of our school.

Under the able guidance of President Levine, familiarly known as Gnome, the class of '37 is pulling together and accomplishing much. The true Farm School spirit was shown in the manner in which the class co-operated. Much work was needed to put the prom across and the fellows gave unstintingly of their time and labor, consequently there was no last minute rush-work. All of which does much to boost the stock of the class of '37 — and here's hoping they keep it up.

Once again the Senior Class stands united. It is now living up to all the expectations and promise it showed in its Freshman year. The main item standing before the class right now is the Year Book. However, there is no doubt in the minds of anyone as to the success of this undertaking and all are looking forward to a fine Year Book.

HARMONICA

Thru the efforts of Sherman (Steve) Levinson, there is in the forming a group of students interested in playing the harmonica.

This group is to meet once a week to help improve their technique in the playing of the harmonica.

It is hoped that their organization will form a worth while venture and provide something new in the annals of the school.

LAMENT OF A MUTT

This year has brought the usual number of laments from the frosh. Some are bold attempts in poetry, and others in prose, but always they are horribly mangled laments. Why can't the poor frosh respect our feeling and give us one worthy of a Milton, or a Keats? We're more or less resigned by now—so much so that we even read them through completely before feeding them to our trash can. Just in case you wonder what we mean by a lament, we'll print one and let you suffer.

Oh! how I wish I was back with
Mother
Where I can look like any other
Dope that walks the street
Without a dinky hat or tie
It almost makes me want to cry
I wish I had something else to eat
Besides potatoes, potatoes,
Potatoes, and meat.
Sometimes I wish that I was dead
Instead of having to get out of bed
At five o'clock in the morning
When I really should be sleeping
Instead of toward the dairy creeping
Where I am always sure
Of hauling plenty of manure
Which makes me smell like
A stuffed up sewer
The Juniors paddle one side
The Seniors the other
Oh, how I wish I was back with
Mother.
We warned you!

Eskimo Spitz pups for ten dollars apiece. —Advt.

GUESS WHO?

The Personality Department of the "Gleaner" will award a bag of peanuts to the person who fills in the missing letters to complete all the names.

D - - - B - - - -

T - - - H - - - - - - -

A - C - - - - at a dance

THINGS WE COULD DO WITHOUT

Rabinowitz's singing.....The fellows who go around saying "Yeah" all the time and are the ones who make true the saying that a stupidly humorous thing is soon made stupidly dull by repetitions....Night inspection, especially on Saturdays . . The backslappers who grub cigarettes. . . Waldman's humor.....Schectman's latt side.....Girls who make a fellow feel self-conscious at meals on dance weekends.....The two cents tax on cigarettes.....Shmully on toast.....Farmers' gold....Lawn mowers....Squad duties....Weeds....and some people even suggest the *Gleaner.*

We always laugh at the poor prof's jokes
No matter what they be
Not because it's funny boys
But it's darn good diplomacy.

Mr. Schmieder: "What is a metaphor?"
Klein: "A place in which to put cows."

LOVE

If she can't talk, you call her taciturn,
If she's a gossip, you call her a brilliant conversationalist,
If she's skinny, you call her fashionably slender,
If she's fat, you call her pleasingly plump,
If she's tall and seedy, you call her willowy and graceful,
If she's a sawed off runt, you call her petite.

PUZZLES

"Can you help me select a gift for a wealthy old aunt who is awfully weak and can hardly walk?"
"How about some floor wax?"

She was only an optician's daughter, two glasses and she makes a spectacle of herself.

THE SUNSET

I like to watch the sunset
Spread its'rainbow colors bright,
Over the blue of the western sky
And the soft clouds so white.

It marks the ending of a day
And no matter if it has been a test.
It softens our souls and brings us back
To a world of peace and rest.

It gives new hope for tomorrow
And urges us to do our best,
That our lives might be as beautiful
As the sunset in the west.

The sun was made by the Father above
To brighten up our way,
And give us new hope
At the closing of each day.

Eason,'38.

IF THE stars should appear but one night in a thousand years, how men would believe and adore and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the City of God which had been shown.

—EMERSON.

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